

SPRING 2024
ISSUE 5

FREE



LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

I've always been a night owl. Creativity strikes me right between the hours of 1-3 a.m., and this hasn't changed in 40 years. My family is the same way, especially on my father's side. I was fortunate enough to live part-time with my father and grandparents in the same house growing up. It seemed as if there would always be someone awake, no matter the hour—always someone to talk to and eat with. We're no strangers to midnight snacking. Some of my fondest memories involve making a grilled cheese at midnight and sneaking back to my room before indulging in late-night television.

My grandfather, or Pop-Pop as I called him, operated on a different timeline than anyone else in the house. While we were going to sleep, he was waking up—around 3:30 a.m., to be exact. He really enjoyed his morning time, so it was best not to disturb him. The smell of coffee would permeate from the kitchen, accompanied by footsteps around the house. Occasionally, you'd catch him in a chipper mood, reciting the '80s Dunkin' Donuts commercial, "Time to make the donuts!" Then, he would leave for a few hours. None of us knew where he went, but he'd be gone until about 8 a.m. If you were lucky, you'd wake up to the delicious taste of Boston Cream Donuts. I'm pretty certain he just got them at the grocery store, but it was always special. Biting into one of those cream-filled donuts is one of my favorite memories of him. Although he's no longer with us, I can still hear him say it every time I pass the donuts at Acme.

I like to give everyone a little piece of who I am and what I'm about in every issue. I may be out of left field sometimes, and to hell if it even makes sense. My goal is to be known accurately and authentically as much as possible. While I no longer have my grandfather, Philadelphia and its growing food culture never fail to evoke feelings and unlock memories for me more than any other place. So thank you, Philly, for always reminding me I have a family.

Cheers,
Steve Martinho

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Dawn Rulli, K.C. Tinari, Natalia Lepore Hagan, Danny Childs, Kiki Aranita, Mike Prince, Sharon Thompson-Schill, Christopher Kearse, Beck Thomas, The Dive Bar, and readers like you.

FRONT COVER

PHOTO BY: K.C. Tinari **CAKE BY:** Cory Powell (Make'm Bake'm)

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SAVE CHINATOWN!

The billionaire owners of the 76ers want to build a new arena just one block away from this neighborhood - a neighborhood that's home to families, seniors, and students. And we can't let that happen.

These billionaire developers are trying to placate Chinatown by working on a "Community Benefits Agreement." But here's the thing: they're negotiating behind closed doors with a select few, without public input or oversight. They're trying to show that the community has agreed to the arena, without actually listening to the full community. And that's bullshit.

Chinatown is a treasured piece of Philadelphia's history with a unique authenticity that's irreplaceable. We can't let billionaires destroy our neighborhood just so they can get even richer. We've already won battles against a stadium and a casino, and we can win this one too. So let's stand together and say no to the arena.



A sauce made for double dipping

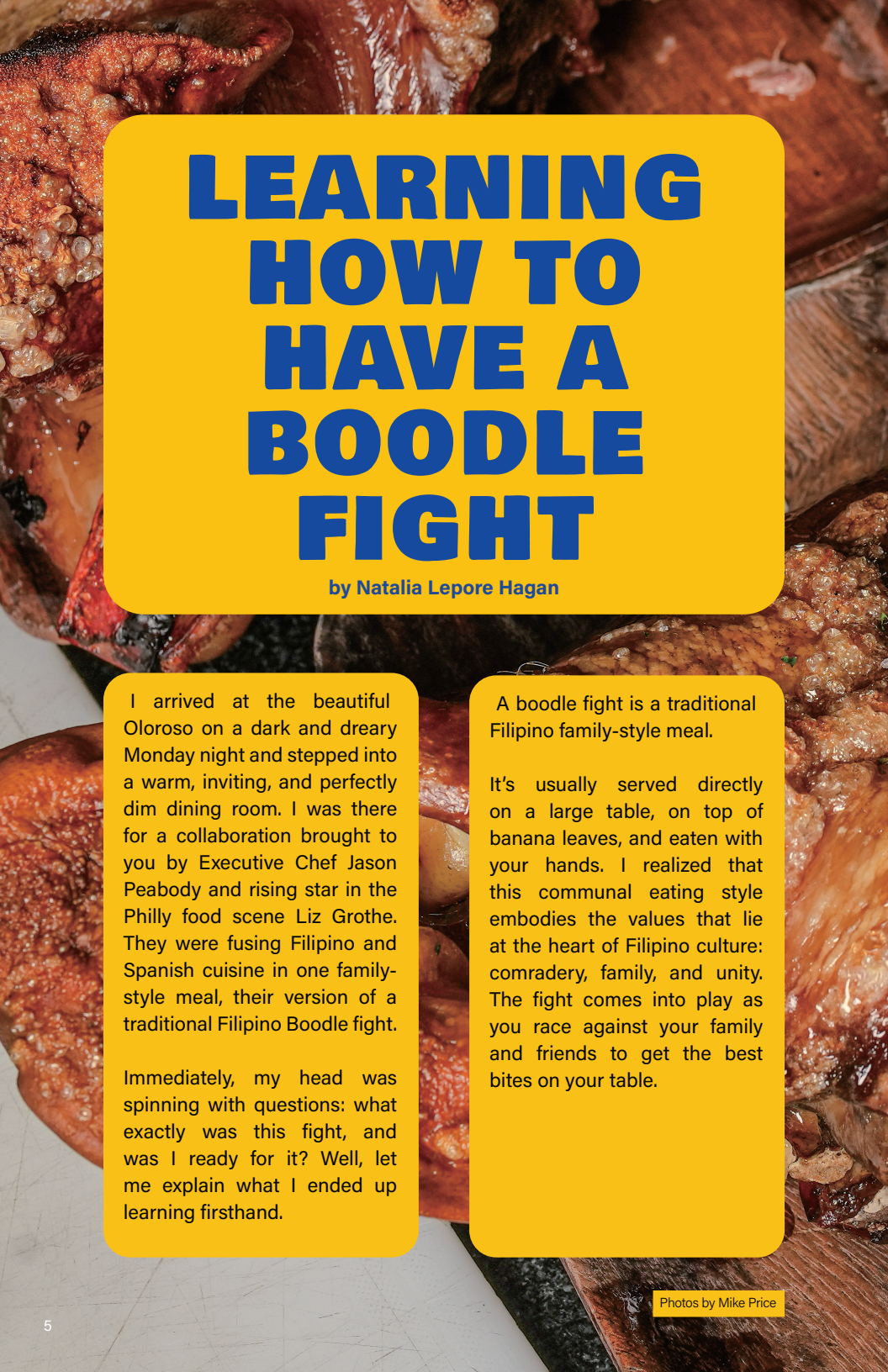


The flavors of Philly
made to be squeezed,
doused & double dipped.

Cherry Pepper Mayo
brings the sweet heat,
as the perfect
complement to any
savory dish.



Jawndiments.com



LEARNING HOW TO HAVE A BOODLE FIGHT

by Natalia Lepore Hagan

I arrived at the beautiful Oloroso on a dark and dreary Monday night and stepped into a warm, inviting, and perfectly dim dining room. I was there for a collaboration brought to you by Executive Chef Jason Peabody and rising star in the Philly food scene Liz Grothe. They were fusing Filipino and Spanish cuisine in one family-style meal, their version of a traditional Filipino Booodle fight.

Immediately, my head was spinning with questions: what exactly was this fight, and was I ready for it? Well, let me explain what I ended up learning firsthand.

A boodle fight is a traditional Filipino family-style meal.

It's usually served directly on a large table, on top of banana leaves, and eaten with your hands. I realized that this communal eating style embodies the values that lie at the heart of Filipino culture: comradery, family, and unity. The fight comes into play as you race against your family and friends to get the best bites on your table.

Photos by Mike Price



**I FOUND
MYSELF
SURROUNDED
BY SOME OF
PHILLY'S MOST
ADVENTUROUS
EATERS.**

I wanted to ensure I held my own amongst them in whatever fight was about to go down. Liz came out of the kitchen to address the crowd. With a dry wit and unbelievably quirky charm, Liz disclosed in great detail what their version of a boodle fight would be.

She recanted growing up in Oklahoma in a Filipino family, saying this was her food, the way she was raised. That brought me unbelievable joy. The idea that we aren't trying to be anything other than what our mothers put on a table in front of us as children made my eyes well and stomach grumble. She explained that while she tried to make this as traditional as possible, she would forgo the banana leaves and food on the table because she couldn't afford to destroy the tables at Oloroso.



Chef Jason Peabody





This made me yearn to throw her a party in a park where we could get the exciting experience of eating off those leaves with our hands and jumping across our neighbors to get the best pieces.

Speaking about the meal clinically doesn't do it justice. From the presentation of an entire pig's head that we were about to inhale to the scrumptious cheesesteak croquettes or the delicious fried chicken I ripped apart with my hands as instructed. Everything on the table was delicious. However, the garlic rice that took me straight back to a trip to Manila with my husband brought on a sense memory like no other. That's when a meal hits you just right. That's when a meal makes you remember it forever. I like my food to have a background, to have meaning, to be an experience. I find food to be reverent and impactful at the same time. Meals like this are why I love Philadelphia. It brought me all that beauty without trying too hard, and it just existed in its gorgeous space.

Thanks, Liz and Jason, for the unforgettable night of food, laughter, and friends. Oh, and thanks for the pig's eye that Sharon Thompson-Schill won the Boodle fight over. 

DIRTY RAMP MARTINI

By Danny Childs



Photo by Katie Childs

PICKLED RAMP LEAVES

INGREDIENTS

3/4 c/175 ml water
6 Tbsp/90 ml distilled white vinegar
6 Tbsp/90 ml white balsamic vinegar
(if you can't find it, white wine vinegar works)
1 1/2 Tbsp/20 ml sugar
2 1/4 tsp kosher salt
Three 2 in/5 cm thyme sprigs
1/2 tsp black peppercorns
1/2 tsp fermented red chile flakes
(optional)
1 bay leaf
60 ramp leaves

PREPARATION

To prepare your brine, add the water, white vinegar, balsamic vinegar, sugar, and salt to a medium saucepan and bring to a roaring boil. Meanwhile, add the thyme, peppercorns, chile flakes, and bay leaf to a 1 pt/475 ml mason jar, followed by the ramp leaves, being sure to pack them in tightly.

Pour the boiling brine into the jar and immediately cap tightly. These can be quick pickled and consumed within 1 or 2 months or water-bath processed for long-term storage.

DIRTY RAMP MARTINI

People tend to have very strong opinions when it comes to how they like their Martinis. Feel free to adjust the recipe by swapping in gin or making it more stiff or dirty to make it to your liking.

INGREDIENTS

2 oz/60 ml vodka
1/2 oz/15 ml ramp brine from
Pickled Ramp Leaves
1/2 oz/15 ml dry vermouth
Chive blossom, for garnish

PREPARATION

Fill a cocktail shaker with ice and add the vodka, brine, and vermouth. Shake, double strain into a chilled Martini coupe, and garnish with a chive blossom.



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AUNTY ARLENE'S PARTY MAC SALAD

By Kiki Aranita

My family is tied together with an unusual last name, and we're a single clan, so I'm related to every Aranita out there. I am terribly proud to be Arlene Aranita's grandniece. She's a little famous in Central Oahu, where she taught English at Pearl City High School for decades. A surprising number of times, people have wandered into my former restaurant (in Philadelphia, thousands of miles away from Central Oahu) and said, "Your aunt was my Englishteacher." Then, a pause. "She was tough."

She may have been tough on her students, but she was soft on all us cousins, running around like maniacs in my grandparents' backyard after she presented us with Christmas gifts our parents would never buy us. Like rollerblades (she bought me my first and only pair). She would also spoil the entire family with Ziploc gallon bags full of her mac salad (almost as famous as she was).

Anyway, you're going to make this in a large quantity because it's a party mac salad, and you're going to make it for a party.

INGREDIENTS

8 hard-boiled eggs

(use egg slicer to slice twice)

Half a gallon of mayo

2 cans of tuna

(mix into that half a gallon of mayo first)

cut up, cooked spaghetti

(a box seems reasonable)

Quart of cooked macaroni

1 cup chopped parsley

2 cups shredded carrot

2 cups cooked and diced potato

1/2 bag of defrosted peas

(do not cook these)

Salt & pepper to taste

Poi Dog Chili Peppah Water on top

(We have a new squeeze bottle for Batch: Noelani, which is named after my sister!)

PREPARATION

Mix the tuna with the mayo. Add in everything else.

Bring it to a party in gallon Ziploc bags.

Eat the mac salad! Don't forget to wash, dry, and save those Ziplocs because Hawaii has banned single-use plastics, and we care about the environment.





From Left to Right: Jake Loeffler, Danny Griffiths, Sam Kalkut Photos by K.C Tinari

PANZEROTTI? PANZAROTTI?

by K.C Tinari

Good news, both spellings are acceptable ways to write about this amazing little treat that started in Southern Italy. Some places call these Calzoni Fritti or Pizze Fritte. Referring to a fritter. But the one thing they are is universally loved. Panzerotti is often stuffed with basic ingredients like dried tomatoes and mozzarella. Dried tomatoes hold less moisture, so the dough is less prone to tearing. This is common Apulian cuisine. Could you imagine walking down the ancient streets of Puglia with a warm pocket of gooey, crispy love in your hand? I can't either, but some boys in South Philadelphia's Italian Market have.

At Paffuto, they've taken this small and easy-to-love creation. And turned it into the benchmark. Do something small but with great love that comes to mind. Each day, the crew is downstairs hand-picking each and every one. From flour to fryer. Vegan cheese or fresh mozzarella. Tomatoes or sometimes just a simple fried breakfast of scrambled eggs and Cooper Sharp American. But this is just the tip of the La Massa Di Ghiaccio Galleggiante (That's Italian for iceberg.) Before you know it, vodka chicken cutlets are crunching around you, people are

slurping carbonara, and someone is discovering a Maritozzi for the first time. A little round, soft, and fluffy, brioche-style bun filled with vanilla whipped cream.



For the last year, I have followed Sam Kalkut, Jake Loeffler, and Danny Griffiths up and down the city for their Paffuto pop-ups. Their collaborations span from huddles out front of Herman's Coffee in South Philadelphia, underground basement dinners at Liberty Kitchen, pitching a tent outside Wissahickon Brewery, and intimate gatherings at the Sante dinners. These three can go from zero to a hundred without flinching. Often flexing culinary muscles that hadn't been seen before. One thing does stay the same. For three men stuck in tight spaces, selling out in under an hour sometimes, starting their pop-ups with lines that stretch out the door, they always manage to do it smiling. They are always ready to

please. And once you get to know them, you'll see how genuinely kind and generous they are.

For instance, the collaborations are never one-sided. They aren't along for the ride or taking someone else along for one. They are proud to be doing what they're doing in the hopes that they can offer a little bit more to the restaurant community and the public. In a world with thousands of combinations of food, alongside the neighborhood and experiences, these three offer more than just a meal. And they're doing that by paying it forward.



In a short time, Paffuto grew from these little experiences into a full-blown sit-down dining experience.

The space gives cool grandma's basement vibes, designed by Cait Borkowski. It's the kind of place that makes you want to stay a real long time. Curtis Patey takes care of the front of house, serving guests and taking orders, keeping everyone happy until their food arrives while ensuring no one misses one pastry.



Curtis Patey at the pass

palette. It's always a great experience for first-timers or twenty-timers like myself. The pride they show in everything they do comes from the deepest humbling of solid roots. A slow and thoughtful burn results in a delectable experience that radiates with passion for the culinary craft. What we see now is only a blip in what will surely be a long-lasting staple in the Philadelphia food community. A welcome one at that. 



Chef Viraj Thomas of Char Pizza

In the coming months, this crew has taken to hosting others as was done for them all this time. Amy's Pastelillos, Viraj Thomas of Char Pizza with a week-long residency, and even the previous owner, Pierre Calmels of Bibou, will be doing two nights in the space. As busy as this bunch is, they're taking the time to give back while growing with an evolving menu that remains familiar to the adventurous and the simple



FORSYTHIA'S PANISSE & GRUYERE FONDUE

by Christopher Kears

GRUYERE FONDUE

INGREDIENTS

Cheddar Cheese	300 grams	Sodium Hexametaphosphate	3 grams
Gruyere Cheese	300 grams	Xanthem	1 grams
Salt	8 grams	Dijon	25 grams
Sodium Citrate	24 grams	Whole Milk	600 grams

PREPARATION

Cut or grate the cheeses into small pieces. Place cheeses, salt, sodium, and milk into a Cryovac bag or wrap into a container.

If bagged, cook in a water bath or combi oven at 100% humidity and 180 degrees F.

If wrapped in a hotel pan, only use the oven method.

Cook for about 30 minutes until everything is melted, then remove ingredients and place them in a blender.

Add the dijon and xanthem gum and blend until smooth.

Store in labeled and dated containers, preferably in bags, for easy pickup.

If you are bagging them, pour the cheese sauce into the bags, but rapidly cool them in an ice bath before sealing them for storage.

When reheating the bags, set the temperature to 165 degrees so the fondue is hot enough. Make sure the ISI container is hot as well. charge thermo whip ISI with two chargers and use for panisse fries.





PANISSE FRIES

INGREDIENTS

Chickpea flour	400 grams
Water, cold	1400 grams
Garlic oil	100 grams
Confit garlic	5 cloves

PREPARATION

Place chickpea flour, cold water, and garlic confit in a pot, then blend with the immersion blender till smooth.

Place over medium-high. Set overnight.

Cut into thick batons and fry in 375F oil until Golden brown.

Strain and season with salt, serve with Cheese Fondue.



MEET ANGE BRANCA

THE STORYTELLER BEHIND KAMPAR

by Sharon Thompson-Schill



Chef Ange Branca

**"Can it be
nine fishes
instead of
seven?"**

That's what Chef Ange Branca asked me when I told her that the Feast of the Seven Fishes dinner we were planning to cook with Anna Jenkins on Christmas Eve 2021 had to be Malaysian and not Italian." Nine is an auspicious number in my culture." And so, nine fishes it was, and as those nine fishes transformed into

a feast before my eyes, Anna and I got lessons on everything from food prep (a reprimanding "Knife skills!" when I asked about using a mandolin) to unfamiliar ingredients (have you ever seen the rows of infantile bananas tucked in between each leaf of a banana flower?) to cultural traditions (like the herbs that create hot and cold properties in Chinese medicine). Ange was one-third chef, one-third storyteller, and one-third mentor in her James Beard-nominated restaurant, Sate Kampar.



Through her stories, I first got to know Ange during my many visits to Sate Kampar with large groups of curious friends.

Ange's chef-storyteller-mentor trifecta has always extended beyond the doors of her restaurant. In 2017, Ange began organizing Muhibbah dinners, celebrating immigrant chefs, and aiding Philadelphia's immigrant services like Esperanza Immigration Legal Services. Named for the Malay word "harmony," these dinners highlight Ange's commitment to culinary diversity and community support, a mission I witnessed at the first post-COVID event at El Chingon. After she closed the doors of Sate Kampar for good in June 2020, this commitment took a new form: While Ange waited (and waited and waited) for an opportunity to open

a new restaurant in Philadelphia, she founded Kampar Kitchen, a platform to support a diverse team of underrepresented chefs. From this platform, customers could order take-out food from a different chef each month, featuring now familiar names like Joy Parnham and Jacob Trinh. Ange helped these emerging chefs and entrepreneurs introduce their cuisine and the stories behind it to her loyal and growing customer base.

In Spring 2024, Ange is making her highly anticipated return in a new location at 7th and Kater with Kampar. At the new Kampar, the coconut shell Charcoal-fired grills have given way to a wood-fired oven (formerly the centerpiece of Nomad Pizza in that location). Last year, I was delighted to collaborate with Ange on a Kickstarter campaign that



raised over \$17,000 to support the new project. Rewards for donations included events like a cider, cheese, and sambal tasting at Hale & True, a pizza party at the new location with Pitruco, and an evening designing cocktails for the new menu with Danny Childs, author of *Slow Drinks*. My favorite reward was the opportunity to go shopping with Ange in one of the Southeast Asian groceries, an experience I enjoyed for the first time when we gathered ingredients for our Christmas Feast. What a crash course in the food of her culture!

At her new restaurant, Ange will not be the only one cooking. Once again, she is creating an opportunity to have the stories of emerging chefs told in Kampar. Drawing inspiration from Malaysian 'kopitiam's' (literally translated as coffee stalls), she plans to have several chefs in long-term residency at Kampar to introduce

their food, culture, and stories to Philadelphia. Her goal is to support and mentor these chefs and to give them a long enough time window to accrue the financial history they will need to ultimately open their own restaurants.

A few dozen of Kampar's loyal supporters got a sneak preview of the space at the beginning of 2024 at an event hosted by Stereo Flavors. Some of the old Sate Kampar classics were served during a cocktail party (where GM Sam Pritchard was pouring a cocktail preview at the upstairs bar), including Chinese take-out containers of Chili Pan Mee noodles, plates of Karipap curry puffs and Begedil fritters, and an Ulam platter piled high with veggies roasted in the wood fired oven downstairs.

After the cocktail party, a small table was assembled for the main event, which was a peek at the fine dining menu served on Kampar's first floor. The highlight for me was a tableside preparation of wagyu, a recent obsession of Ange's that culminated in a recent wagyu-themed trip to Japan. Blazing hot bowls were carried from the former pizza oven to each seat upstairs so each diner could quickly sear a few slices of Japanese Wagyu and then later add them to a bubbling caldron of Laksa broth that Ange poured into each bowl.

I've had some of the most memorable meals of my life with Ange over the past five years, which have fed my insatiable curiosity and adventurousness when it comes to dining. She was the first person to make me balut (a fertilized egg, complete with embryo and feathers) and pig uterus, and she introduced me to immigrant cuisine at restaurants all over the city. But we've also had long talks about how to think about "authenticity" when second-generation immigrants marry their backgrounds with their new homes. Like the marriage of a long-standing Philadelphia-Italian holiday tradition with the flavors (and lucky numbers) of Malay culture. Anchovies. Krill. Prawns. Clams. Fermented shrimp. Butterfish. Mackerel. Kingfish. Golden tile.

Salute!! 



Ange Branca & Sharon Thompson-Schill



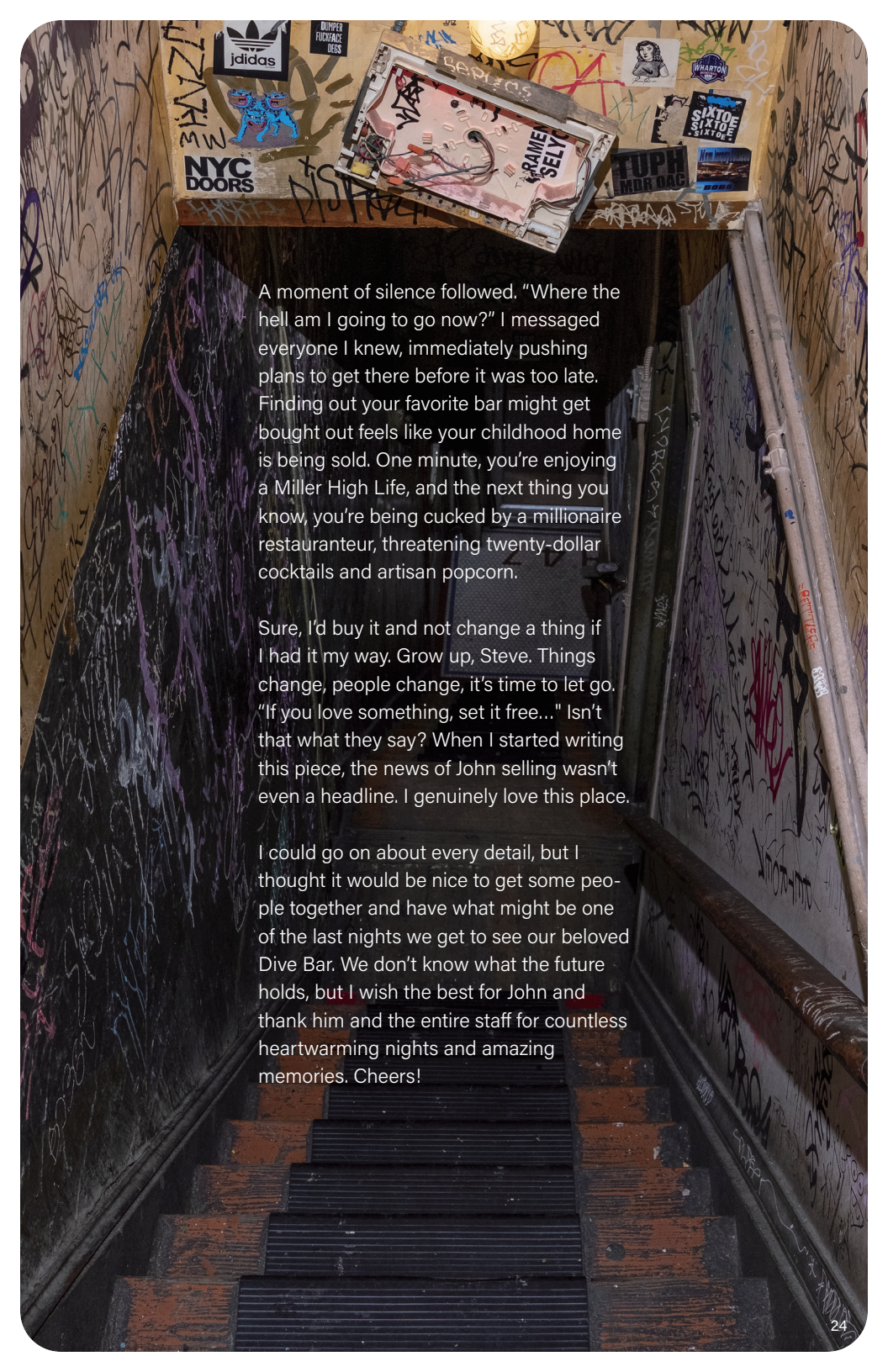


THE DIVE

by Steve Martinho

Who doesn't love a good dive bar? And by dive, I mean not just any establishment where they serve a citywide and put a bunch of junk on the walls. If you stumble into a dimly lighted place with wood paneling taken right out of a catalog from your mom's basement in the 80s, you know you're in the right place. For me, a dive is a place of comfort. A judgment-free zone where anything goes. Well, almost anything.

The Dive Bar on Passyunk Ave is my quintessential dive bar. Appropriately named and untouched since the very beginning. A place I'll always call my home. Recently, I read an article about the owner, Jonn Klein, who spoke about how he wants to retire early by selling the bar along with his other establishment, Watkins Drinkery.



A moment of silence followed. "Where the hell am I going to go now?" I messaged everyone I knew, immediately pushing plans to get there before it was too late. Finding out your favorite bar might get bought out feels like your childhood home is being sold. One minute, you're enjoying a Miller High Life, and the next thing you know, you're being cucked by a millionaire restaurateur, threatening twenty-dollar cocktails and artisan popcorn.

Sure, I'd buy it and not change a thing if I had it my way. Grow up, Steve. Things change, people change, it's time to let go. "If you love something, set it free..." Isn't that what they say? When I started writing this piece, the news of John selling wasn't even a headline. I genuinely love this place.

I could go on about every detail, but I thought it would be nice to get some people together and have what might be one of the last nights we get to see our beloved Dive Bar. We don't know what the future holds, but I wish the best for John and thank him and the entire staff for countless heartwarming nights and amazing memories. Cheers!









I want to extend my heartfelt gratitude to everyone who joined us, especially the new friends we've made along the way. Your presence transformed the evening into an unforgettable experience. While the fate of the Dive remains in the balance, the memories we created within these walls will forever be cherished.

Just a quick note: An evening at The Dive isn't truly complete without a nocturnal visit to Taqueria La Prima on 9th Street. It's an essential post-bar ritual for those in pursuit of some delicious late-night tacos. 

HANGOVER HELPER

Community-Curated Cures for Your Hangover Blues

Before continuing, I'd like to begin by saying that I'm not condoning or encouraging the overuse of alcohol. However, if you find yourself suffering from the "Sunday Morning Come Downs" maybe this will help. We've asked our readers for some of their favorite hangover remedies. With that being said, stay safe out there, and *crappe diem!*



**Vita Coco & Bún bò Huế
from Café Diem**

Reuben Asaram, Reuby
@chefreubenphilly

**Joints, water, coffee...immediately. South
Philly Barbacoa. Cafe Nhan. Weather
dependant.**

Beau Neidhardt, Deli Guy at Liberty Kitchen
@beautothaizzo

Hair of the dog & Exercise

Chris W.
@skelejawn

Taco heart breakfast tacos (add Potatoes)

Mackie Ermocida, Mackie's Meals
@mackies_meals

**Cold shower, can of coke from the corner
store, and a cheeky midday pint.**

Jake Bell, Bartender at Khyber Pass Pub
@Thekingoftheparty

**Prairie oyster. Raw egg, salt, pepper,
a dash of Worcestershire sauce, and
sriracha. Bottoms up.**

Paul N. , Cast Iron Restoration Enthusiast
@superlugubrious

**Sausage Egg & Cheese Burrito from
Wawa. Add Hashbrown**

Fidel Gastro, Side Project Jerky
@fidelgastro

Pickle Juice Shots

Rich, Reader
@itsricklelee.27

Khao Poon from Vientiane Bistro

Jason Barrer, Jawndiments
@jawndiments

Korean haejangguk

Sue Cheung
@suejineee

Don't stop snacking until it's approx 8pm

Isa Nardi, event things at Italian restaurants.
@isabelhasanidea

**Pho Tai Nam (and get some friends to get
the Ba Vi platter with you as an app)
from Nam Phuong**

Meillsa Pang
@insta__pang

**Large McDonald's Fountain Coke,
2 Double cheeseburgers, remove one top
and one bottom bun. Add hashbrowns
between the two sandwiches to create
one large quad cheeseburger with
hashbrowns in the middle. Two extra
strength Excedrin Migraine**

David Wesolowski, The Glutton
@feedingtimetv

**Ice cold shower followed by the French
onion soup from Parc**

Chelsea Shae, Chief celebration officer of
Olive & Shae
@chelsea.shae

Pedialite

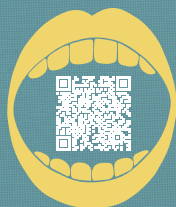
Becca Foxman, Fox & Sons
@phillygefiltedfishy

**Bacon avocado arugula from
Philly Style Bagels**

Natalia Lepore Hagan, Midnight Pasta
@midnightpastaco

**Liquid IV, seltzer, Long shower, nap
& fried rice.**

Nora Jane, Textile Designer,
Gouache Enthusiast, Weird & Witchy Lady
@noradrawz

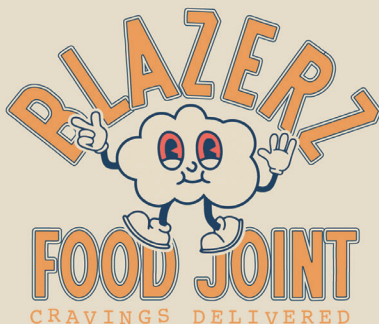


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